





**Geronimo Stilton**

# THE GOLDEN STATUE PLOT



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Dear mouse friends,  
Welcome to the world of



Geronimo Stilton





**THE RODENT'S GAZETTE**  
EDITORIAL STAFF

The illustration depicts a bustling office environment for 'The Rodent's Gazette'. In the center, a large mouse sits in a red armchair, reading a newspaper. To his left, a mouse in a green suit works on a laptop. A female mouse in a pink dress stands nearby, holding a plate of food. To the right, a mouse in a blue suit and tie stands with a book. In the background, a mouse in a yellow suit and hat is visible. The office is filled with bookshelves, a desk with a laptop, and various other mice and rats engaged in their work. A large title bubble at the top reads 'THE RODENT'S GAZETTE EDITORIAL STAFF'. The scene is lively and colorful, with a warm, yellowish-orange background.





**Geronimo Stilton**  
A learned and brainy  
mouse; editor of  
*The Rodent's Gazette*

**Thea Stilton**  
Geronimo's sister and  
special correspondent at  
*The Rodent's Gazette*



**Trap Stilton**  
An awful joker;  
Geronimo's cousin and  
owner of the store  
Cheap Junk for Less

**Benjamin Stilton**  
A sweet and loving  
nine-year-old mouse;  
Geronimo's favorite  
nephew



# Geronimo Stilton

## THE GOLDEN STATUE PLOT



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# A PERFECT TAN!

It was Monday morning, and I went to work wearing movie-star sunglasses and a **perfect** tan. Well, um, an almost-perfect tan . . .

I said hello to everyone and **RUSHED** to my office.

Oh, I'm sorry, let me introduce myself! My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*.

I run *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most





famouse newspaper on Mouse Island.

Anyway, where was I again? Oh yes. As I **scampered** by my staff, I heard them all whispering.

“Love the **GLASSES!**”

“So **COOL!**”

I closed the door to my office behind me with a **SIGH** of relief. Then I turned on all the lights and began to work, without taking off my sunglasses.

Okay, I know you’re wondering why I was acting like some sort of famouse **celebrity**. Well, I’ll tell you. . . .

It happened that weekend when I went to the beach. I fell asleep in the **SUN** for hours and hours. Too bad I forgot to take off my sunglasses. When I woke up, I was left with ridiculous **white marks** around my eyes! I looked like a reverse **PANDA!**





I was so **EMBARRASSED**, I decided there was only one thing for me to do. I had to keep my sunglasses on . . . at all times! I wore them at the supermarket, I wore them on the **SUBWAY**, and I wore them to work.

Of course, in order to read anything in my office I had to turn all the **LIGHTS** on, even though it was the middle of the day. What a waste of **energy**! I felt terrible!

The next morning I felt even worse. When I went to the office, my whole staff was wearing **SUNGLASSES**, just like me.

And they had also turned all the lights on,  
even though it was sunny! **Holey cheese!**  
I had started a trend! A trend of wasting  
**energy!**



Plus, I felt like I was working  
with a bunch of **SECRET**  
**AGENTS** (like my friend  
**OOK**).

I should have spoken up,





but I was still too embarrassed. *Things will get back to normal sooner or later, right?* I thought. Wrong! Instead, things began to **spiral** out of control!

A few days later, my **CRAZY** trend was spreading like soft cheese on a cracker. Soon all the mice in the city were wearing dark sunglasses. They wore them in their homes, on the street, everywhere. And they kept the lights **BLAZING** day and night.

Before long, so much electricity was being used in New Mouse City that there was a total **BLACKOUT**. Everything electrical shut down.

Since I couldn't work, I decided to take a walk by the water to think. As I stared out at the Mouse Island **STATUE OF LIBERTY** (also known by many as **Mousey Liberty**), I thought about what the statue stood for: freedom.





Yes, **FREEDOM** to be your own mouse.

I looked at my **REFLECTION** in the water. Then I took off my sunglasses and put them in my pocket. It was time to let everyone see the **REAL ME**: wacky suntan and all!

I was glad I could go back to being myself, but I still felt awful about wasting so much **electricity**. Suddenly, I was hit with an idea. I could write a book about the importance of saving energy!

But before I tell you that story, I want to tell you another one. This one is about electricity, too, and it takes place on (gulp!) **Cat Island!**

It all started when **Catardone III of Catatonia**, the king of the pirate cats, discovered they were having electrical energy problems, too. But let me start at the beginning. . . .



# WHO TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS?

It was a quiet, **peaceful** evening at **FORT FELINE** on Cat Island.

**OSCAR WILDWHISKERS**, the pirate publisher of *The Cat Island Courier*, the most famous newspaper on Cat Island, was relaxing in his tower.





He put on his soft mouse-fur slippers and sank into his favorite pawchair with his book *Catnip Soup for the Pirate's Soul*. Then he turned on some soothing music and sighed. Ah, what a **purrfect** life!

But then the lights went out and the music stopped.

**"Frozen fish fritters!"** What's going on?" Oscar yowled. "This is the third time today that the power has gone down!"

**ITCHY**, Oscar's faithful butler, came rushing in. "I can't figure out what's wrong, sir. The electrical system seems fine," he reported.

Furious, Oscar closed his book.

"Get me the phone, Itchy!" he hissed. "I need to call my cousin **Catardone**. I don't know how that cat got to be **KING OF THE PIRATE CATS**. He's not exactly the





smartest cat in the alley, you know.”

The butler **coughed**. “Um, sir, the phone doesn’t work, either,” he replied.





# WASTE! WASTE! WASTE!

**“MEEEOOW!”** Oscar shrieked. Then he got dressed and stomped down to Catardone’s quarters.

The entire fort was completely **DARK**.

“What a disaster!” Oscar said to himself. “Without electricity, I can’t turn on the copiers to print my newspaper.”

Suddenly, a furious **YOWL** rang out from the Great Council Chamber.

**“FESTERING FLEA BITES!”** I’ve had it!”

It was Catardone, the king of the pirate cats.

He had called together all of his feline advisors and the scientists who worked at the Catlab.



**CATARDONE III**  
**KING OF THE**  
**PIRATE CATS**

“Something needs to be done about this energy situation. **WASTE, WASTE, WASTE!**” he shrieked. “Would it kill anyone to remember to turn off the lights or the **CLAW SHARPENER**

once in a while? We are going broke trying to pay the electric and gas company. The amount of money left in the **IMPERIAL vault** couldn’t even pay for a quarter of a fish sandwich!”

Just then, Catardone spotted Oscar in the corner of the room.

“And you, Cousin!” the king continued. “Those printers for your newspaper are going **NONSTOP!**”

“Yes, well . . .” Oscar started to protest,











even though he knew it was no use. His cousin had always hated the paper.

Before Oscar could go on, a **slim**, young female cat strode into the room. It was **TERSILLA**, Catardone's spoiled teenage daughter.



**TERSILLA**

“Daddy! Who turned off the electricity? I desperately need to **DeeP-CONditiON** my fur and I’ll need the electric fur dryer when I’m done! What’s going on?”





# THERE GOES MOVIE NIGHT

“I’ll tell you what’s going on!” Catardone **hissed**. “Everyone has been wasting so much electricity and fuel around here that we have run out of **MONEY** to pay our bills! So until one of you figures out a way to get us some **GOLD**, I’ve taken matters into my own paws and turned off the power!”

Gasps and sad meowing rose from the crowd.

“Oh, don’t be such a bunch of kittens!” Catardone scolded. “We can use **candles** instead of lightbulbs, and instead of driving everywhere, we can walk. It’s great exercise.” Then the king added under his breath, “Though, of course, I will be pushed in the



**ROYAL CARRIAGE**, because I'm already in great shape."

Then he stood up, tripped over his own tail, and **TUMBLERD** down the stairs. **BONZO FELIX** and **Boots**, his trusty assistants, rushed to help him.

At that moment, one of the scientists from





the Catlab stood up.  
It was **Dr. Regina Redfur**.

“Your Excellency, I hate to complain, but you turned off the **electricity** just as we were purrfecting a new **anti-flea portable shower system**. . . .” she began.



**DR. REGINA REDFUR**

“Oh yeah? Well, try getting **stuck** in an elevator for an hour!” interrupted Simon Scarsnout.



“At least your **FAVORITE** scallop-flavored ice cream didn’t **melt** in your freezer!” Tomcat Pat whined.

“Who cares about ice cream?” Hillary Hotpaws





snorted. “I was in the middle of baking a gourmet **CATNIP** casserole!”

“Enough!” Catardone shrieked. “I can’t take any more of this whining! I don’t care about your **shower** system, your elevator, or your **melted** ice cream! I just told you, we’ve got to figure out a way to pay our energy bills, or invent some other way to make electricity. Until then, I’m keeping you in the **D A R K**!”

“There goes movie night,” Tomcat Pat sniffled.

But Catardone wasn’t listening. He had sidled up to Hillary Hotpaws. “Maybe you could make that catnip casserole over an open **FIRE**,” he suggested. Just the thought of some tasty catnip had the king **drooling** like a rabid stray cat.



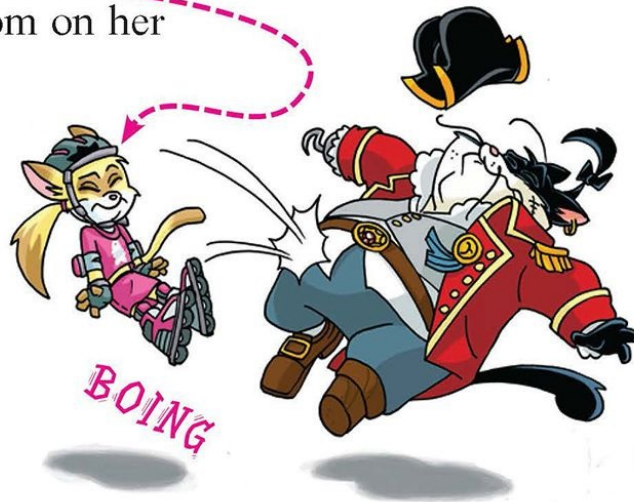
## READY OR NOT!

Catardone was still dreaming of catnip when all of a sudden a tiny torpedo came **whirling** into the room and slammed into his **ROUND** belly. The king crashed to the ground in a terrified heap.

**“HELP!** Assassination attempt! Guards, save me!” he cried.

But when he looked up, he realized the torpedo was none other than his youngest daughter **Kitty**, who was **ZIPPING** around the room on her in-line skates.

**“Kitty!**  
What are you doing here? It is **WAY** past





your bedtime! Plus, I'm in the middle of a meeting!" the king scolded.

Kitty grinned, ducking behind her father. "Sorry, Pops," she squeaked. "But we're playing **hide-and-seek**, and **SCOUT** is just around the corner!"

Just then, a second kitten came **CAREENING** into the room on a **BLUE** skateboard. It was Scout, Kitty's twin brother.

"Ready or not!" the kitten cried, heading straight for Catardone.







A second later, he slammed into the king's belly, **bouncing** off it with a loud *boing*!

Once again, Catardone **crashed** to the floor. By this time, the king's advisors were all **YOWLING** with laughter. After all, it wasn't every day that the pirate cats got to see the king being made a fool of by two excitable little kittens!

Catardone was fuming.





## No PHONE?

Catardone stood up, trying unsuccessfully to fix his **frazzled** whiskers. Then he glared at his advisors, who grew silent. “You think this is funny?!” he shouted, accidentally **poking** himself in the eye with his hook paw. Everyone tried not to laugh.

Meanwhile, Oscar pulled Kitty and Scout aside to tell them about the **ENERGY** problem.

“Well, if we don’t use a lot of electricity and gas, then we will not have as much **POLLUTION**,” said Kitty helpfully.

Tersilla rolled her eyes. “Who cares about pollution?” she snorted, patting her head. “I’m having an important **fur** crisis here.”

“I’m not worried about the fur dryer, but

No



PHONE?

without gas we can't use the *speedboat*," Oscar said. He thought for a moment. "Or the **CATGLIDER!**" he added.

"Even worse, without electricity we can't use our **computers** or charge our phones," Scout added.

Tersilla's eyes grew **wide**. "No phone?" She gulped.

"No phones," Kitty repeated. "So you can't call or text any of your friends."







# A GOLDEN STATUE

“What a tragedy!” Tersilla **MEOWED**.

“Daddy! You’ve got to do something! I’m a teenager! I can’t live without my **phone**!”

Soon, everyone was whining again.

Catardone **clapped** his paws for attention.

“Silence!” he ordered. Then he looked around the room.

“I didn’t bring all you scientists here just to gripe. I brought you all here so you’d get your **TAILS** in gear and find a solution to our problem. So stop **meowing** and start moving!”

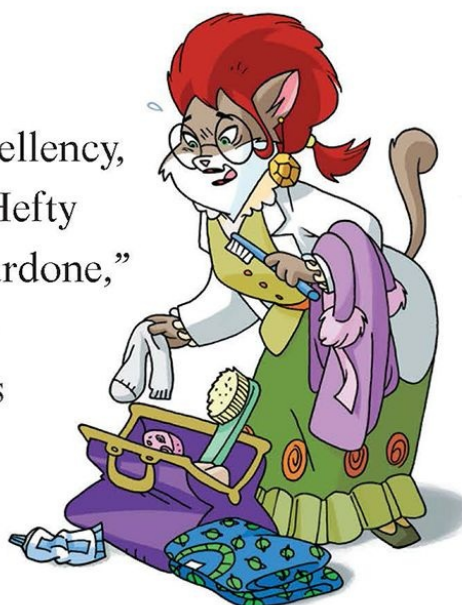
The scientists looked at one another blankly. No one had any brilliant ideas.

But just then, Dr. Redfur **MEOWED** excitedly. She turned to Catardone.



“**I’ve got it**, Your Excellency, Your Furryness, Your Hefty Highness — I mean, Catardone,” she announced.

The king narrowed his eyes as the cat began digging through her bag.



First, she pulled out a pair of **PAJAMAS**, then a bathrobe, a toothbrush, some **toothpaste**, a brush, fluffy socks, and a bar of soap from her bag.

“I never know how long these **URGENT** meetings are going to last,” she explained matter-of-factly.

Finally, she found what she was looking for. It was a map of **MOUSE ISLAND**!

“Here is the **solution**!” Dr. Redfur exclaimed.

The rest of the cats stared at the map, confused.



“Uh, what are we going to do with a map, Dr. Redfur?” asked Bonzo.

“Are we going to **BURN** it and use it as fuel?” asked Boots, scratching his head.

Dr. Redfur laughed. “Don’t be an alley cat,” she chided. She pointed a claw at the port of **NEW MOUSE CITY**.

“You see this?” she asked.

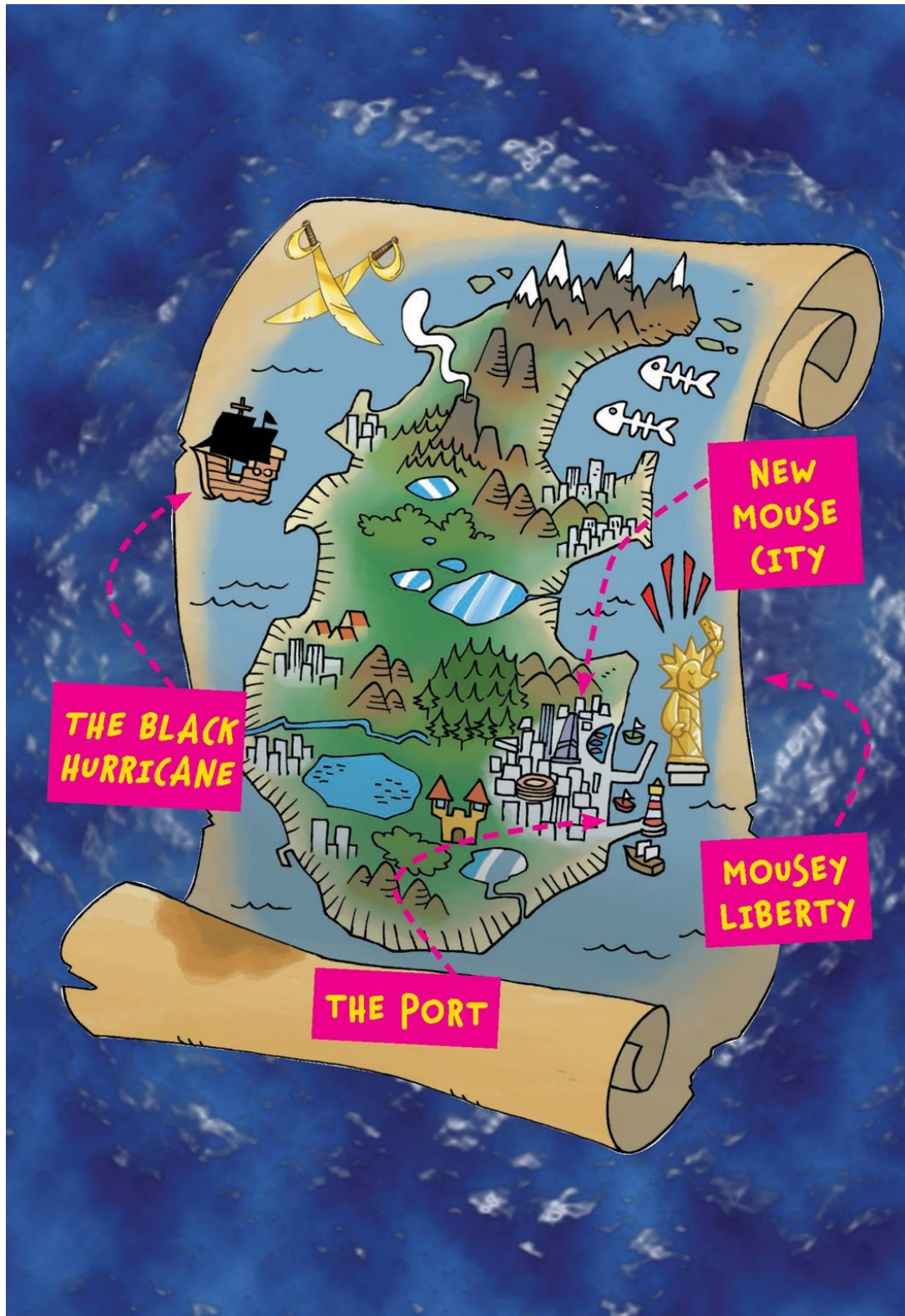
“Yes, it’s **Mousey Liberty**,” responded Kitty.

“Exactly!” said Dr. Redfur. “According to my scientific calculations, it is the only treasure that we should be able to reach without the use of a high-powered boat. We can take *The Black Hurricane*. All we have to do is get to the island and **STEAL** the statue.”

“And we’d want to **STEAL** an old statue because . . .” Bonzo murmured, bewildered.

“Because . . . that old statue is made of







**GOLD!**” Dr. Redfur finished, smiling proudly.

At the mention of gold, Tersilla’s ears perked up. She loved gold almost as much as she loved **tuna fish!**

Then Oscar asked, “But are you sure the statue is made of gold?”

Dr. Redfur’s fur **ruffled**. “What kind of question is that? Of course I am sure the statue is made of gold! We are scientists





and, therefore, we have **scientific proof**. The statue is **YELLOW**, right? And gold is **YELLOW**, isn't it? So the statue is made of gold!" she insisted.

Oscar and the twins stared at Dr. Redfur skeptically. What kind of **scientific proof** was that? What happened to research? What happened to evidence?

But the king had heard enough.

"Of course! That makes **purrfect** sense to me! If the statue is **YELLOW**, it is obviously gold!" Catardone agreed. Then he hissed to get everyone's attention.

"Listen up, everyone. Tomorrow we will meet in a top secret location to prepare for our trip to **NEW MOUSE CITY**," he declared.



# STATUES OF LIBERTY

## IN NEW YORK . . .



The Statue of Liberty is located in the United States of America, in New York, very close to the island of Manhattan. It is a gift that the French gave to the United States in 1886, to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of American independence (in 1876).

## . . . IN PARIS . . .

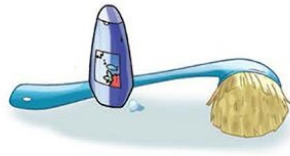
To celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the French Revolution in 1889, the United States gave a gift to France: a bronze copy of the original statue. This statue is in Paris. It is only 37 feet tall, while the original is 151 feet tall.



## . . . AND IN NEW MOUSE CITY!



The New Mouse City Statue of Liberty (also known as Mousey Liberty) was constructed after the Great War of Rats and Cats. The statue holds a piece of cheese in one paw, and, in the other, a book with the words of the New Mouse City anthem written on it. The seven points on its crown symbolize freedom.



## THE P-P-PASSWORD?

The next day, Catardone, Bonzo, Boots, Tersilla, and the rest of the king's advisors headed to the secret meeting place in the underground offices of **The Cat Island Most Wanted Headquarters**. It's a place where they study all the ways to catch mice like (gulp!) me, *Geronimo Stilton*!

"Remember, this mission needs to be top secret," Catardone reminded everyone as they reached the soundproof office door.

But before they could put in the password, a cat in slippers and a robe came **shuffling** out, complaining, "This place stinks! The water in the shower is **ice-cold**!"

The king **arched** his back. "What is the meaning of this?! What is this stray doing in

our secret headquarters?!” he shrieked.

Boots **CHEWED** his pawnail. “Um, it’s nothing to worry about, Your Felineness,” he soothed. “I thought it would be a good idea to rent out the space. You said we are **LOW** on cash.”





“You mean **anyone** can come stay here?” Catardone demanded.

“No, of course not, not anyone,” Boots explained. “I mean, they need to pay up first. And then I give them the **PASSWORD**.”

The king gasped. “The p-p-password?” he





mumbled. Then he **fainted**.

Two hours later, the king woke up. By then his advisors had already organized the plan to sail to New Mouse City and steal the **GOLDEN** statue.

Later that day, Catardone laid out the plan to his crew. First they would prepare the king's ship, *The Black Hurricane*, for the voyage. Then, once they arrived at the port of New Mouse City, they would **knock** the statue down with cannonballs. Then they would tie it to the ship and **DRAG** it back to Fort Feline.

"It's a purrfect plan! We sail at dawn!" the king announced.

# The Pirates cats' Plan

IT'S A PURRFECT PLAN!



1

WE LEAVE!



2

WE FIRE!

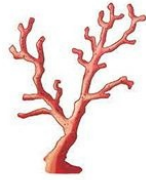


3

WE STEAL!







# LET'S SAVE THE OCEAN FLOOR!

Meanwhile, **scout**, **Kitty**, and **OSCAR** had listened to Catardone's plan also, thanks to a two-way radio **hidden** in the Most Wanted Headquarters.





“What a strange plan,” remarked Oscar.

“It’s not just **strange**, Uncle, it’s fur-raising. Dragging the statue through the **SEA** will damage the ocean floor and hurt a lot of animals!” Kitty wailed.

“We’ve got to tell *Geronimo Stilton*,” Scout said. “But how do we reach him?”

I wish I could say the cats decided to send me a **Cheese-O-Gram**, but they didn’t. Too bad. I just love Cheese-O-Grams. You get a big basket filled with different types of cheese, and then your message is spelled out with **chocolate** cheesy chews. Yum!

But where was I? Oh yes. Just then, Oscar had an idea. You see, Oscar’s eldest daughter, Samantha, loved reading my books. In fact, she even traveled to **Niagara Falls**, a place I described in one of my bestsellers.\*

\* Check out my adventure *Field Trip to Niagara Falls*!

# THE OCEAN FLOOR

## A TREASURE WORTH SAVING

The **ocean floor** is host to hugely diverse, unique species of animals and vegetation. Forests of algae and coral are found there, as well crustaceans, fish, and microscopic forms of all kinds. Parts of the ocean floor that are **rocky** host many types of fish, urchins, starfish, mussels, oysters, crabs, and lobsters.

Parts that are **sandy** are the preferred habitat for sole, rays, sea horses, octopi, and shrimp. Some types of fishing, like trawling, put the plants and animals that live on the ocean floor in serious danger. The fishing nets are dragged on the floor and destroy the flora and fauna of the ocean.



### Did you know that . . .

the longest mountain chain in the world is underwater? It is called the **Mid-Atlantic Ridge**, and it extends from the Antarctic Ocean through the Atlantic Ocean (practically from one end of the Earth to the other!). Its length is four times greater than the Himalayas, the Rocky Mountains, and the Andes Mountains put together!





“I know Sammy communicates with that literary rat all the time,” Oscar explained. “She sends **messages** to him using a carrier pigeon. And I know just where to find the old bird.”

“Great idea, Uncle!” the kittens **Meowed** happily.





## THUGSY AND KILLER

The next morning, as the carrier pigeon flew toward **NEW MOUSE CITY** with a message to me, the pirate cats prepared to board *The Black Hurricane*.

Catardone was already on the boat, **relaxing** in his royal suite.

At the top of the **GANGPLANK**, Bonzo recited the names of those who were to participate in the mission in a **solemn** tone.

“ . . . Dr. Regina Redfur, Simon Scarsnout, and Princess Tersilla . . . ”

Just then, **TERSILLA** stormed onto the gangplank, waving a paper in her paw.

“Bonzo, wake up! Didn’t you get the new order?” she asked, **SMACKING** him in the snout with a piece of paper.







“No, the king didn’t say anything —”  
Bonzo began.

Tersilla interrupted him. “Don’t worry about the king. Dad is watching his favorite TV show, *Mouse Hunters*. You don’t want to disturb him — you know how he gets,” she warned.

Bonzo *shivered*. If there was one thing he knew about Catardone, it was never to bother him when he was watching



one of his shows unless you wanted your fur  
**REARRANGED!**

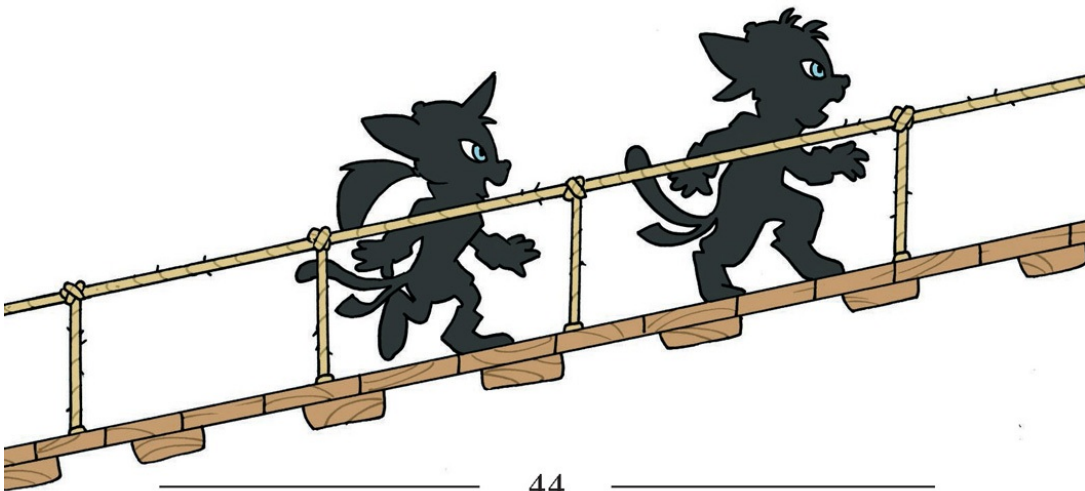
“Okay,” said Bonzo, taking the paper from Tersilla. “Ahem, it says here that **THUGSY** and **KILLER** will round out our crew,” he read. “Hmm, I’ve never heard of them before.”

Tersilla led the two cats on board. “I’ll show them the ropes,” she said, **pushing** past Bonzo.



Bonzo wasn't sure what to make of the **new cats**, but he didn't have time to think about it. It was time to set **SAIL**. Bonzo got to work immediately.

In fact, he was so busy helping the crew, he didn't notice two other **furry** figures **CREEPING** up the gangplank. . . .







## LOOK, A BIRD!

Back on Mouse Island, I was having a nice peaceful morning at the office of *The Rodent's Gazette*.

The electricity had finally turned back on, and I was showing the proofs of my new book on saving **energy** to my nephew Benjamin and his friend Buggy Wugsy.

"Look, a bird!" shrieked Buggy.

"He's a **carrier pigeon**!" observed Benjamin. "He's got a message tied to his leg!"

The pigeon began to **ZIGZAG** all over the room.

So much for a **peaceful** day at the office!

"I'll handle this, Uncle G!" Buggy cried,



**jumping** onto my desk. A second later, she launched herself at the pigeon.

But instead of catching him, she knocked over the bust of Grandfather Shortpaws.

**"Noooooooooooooo!"**

I yelled, diving for the statue. Grandfather Shortpaws never would have forgiven me if it had broken!

To my surprise, I caught it just in the nick of time. Why was I surprised? Well, let's just say I'm not very **ATHLETIC**. No one would call me a sportsmouse!

Anyway, where was I? Oh yes, I was watching the pigeon **CIRCLING** over my head when something occurred to me.

"I wonder if **Samantha Wildwhiskers** sent this pigeon," I said.



Nooooooooo!

I'll handle this!





“You mean that **CAT** who secretly reads your books?” asked my nephew.

I **NODDED**. “She sends carrier pigeons to get in touch with me.”

Just as I was thinking about Samantha, my **SECRET** feline fan, two things happened.

(1) The pigeon dropped a rolled-up note on my desk, and (2) the pigeon dropped a **stink bomb** on my head!





“Looks like our pigeon friend wants us to know that the message is for you!” Buggy Wugsy said, giggling.

**EEEEWWW!**





# WHAT SHOULD I WEAR?

After scrubbing my fur with **HOT** water and industrial-strength **CHEDDAR-SCENTED Soap**, I returned to my office to read the note.

When I did, my fur stood on **end**.

Cheese niblets!







The message wasn't from Samantha. It was from **Kitty** and **SCOUT**, two of the children of the king of the pirate cats!

The note said that the cats were on their way to Mouse Island. They had set sail on their ship *The Black Hurricane* and were out to steal our beloved **Mousey Liberty**!

"The New Mouse City Statue of Liberty? But why would they want that?" Bugsy wondered aloud.

"I don't know," I murmured, my mind *whirling*.

A shipful of **CATS** headed for Mouse Island! What should I do? What should I say? What should I **WEAR**? After all, a suit and tie weren't exactly **fighting** clothes. Maybe I could find some boxing gloves. . . .

I was still thinking about **boxing gloves** when Benjamin piped up.



“I have an idea. What is the thing that cats fear the most?” he asked.

“**Water?**” I guessed.

“Attack dogs?” Bugsy suggested.

Benjamin **shook** his head again and again until finally Bugsy yelled, “We give up! What is it?”

Then Benjamin leaned in close to us and whispered his idea — which, I must say, was **fabumouse**! Did I mention that my nephew is not only sweet and generous, but is also **super-smart**?



## ON *THE BLACK* *HURRICANE*

Meanwhile, *The Black Hurricane* crossed the dark **Catnip Ocean**, headed toward Mouse Island. Unfortunately for the cats, it wasn't all smooth sailing. In fact, as soon as they left Fort Feline, they met up with a furious storm. **GUSTS** of wind howled like Catardone's cousin Hairless when he once fell overboard. **Yikes!**

As the ship bobbed up and down, far below in the storeroom, two stowaways **shivered**. They were Kitty and Scout!

"My stomach!" meowed Scout, turning **green** from seasickness.

"Didn't I tell you it wasn't a good idea to eat that **TUNA SUB** before we boarded?"





Kitty scolded her brother.

“Did you have to mention **tuna**?” Scout wailed.

The kittens weren’t the only ones **whining**. On deck, the crew had broken out into a noisy fight.



“Ouch, you stepped on my paw!”  
yelled a cat.

“Watch the tail!” **meowed**  
another.



“Don’t make me claw you, Fish





Breath!” warned someone else.

It was an all-out **BRAWL**.

Before long, ear-piercing yowls joined the **rumbling** thunder and **crackling** lightning overhead.

If you ask me, those cats all needed some anger management sessions, or maybe just a relaxing yoga class to **de-stress**.





## TEN GOLDEN SPEEDBOATS!

While the fighting **raged** above deck, Kitty and Scout waited for the storm to end. Suddenly, they heard a laugh coming from the staircase and the voice of a pirate cat **DESCENDING** into the storeroom.

It was Tersilla, along with the two new crew members, Thugsy and Killer.

“Quick, **HIDE!**” whispered Kitty.

The twins immediately climbed into two barrels filled with stinky food. The sign on one barrel read “**FREEZE-DRIED COD CAKES:** *Only the highest-quality fish!*”

The second barrel contained “**POWDERED MILK:** *Just add water and lap it up!*”

“Blech! I never want to eat another **cod**”





**cake** as long as I live!” grumbled Scout.

“Better keep quiet,” warned Kitty, “or you won’t **live** long enough to eat anything. We can’t let Tersilla discover us!”

Tersilla, Thugsy, and Killer reached the storeroom just as the kittens **pulled** the lids over their barrels.

“Your plan is purrfect!” exclaimed Thugsy.

“**SHHH!** We don’t want to be heard!” responded Tersilla. “Now, let’s review. I want to be sure that you understand the plan.”

Thugsy and Killer looked at her **FEARFULLY**.





“Umm, you start, Thugs, you are smarter than I am. . . .” Killer mumbled.

“Oh, no, go ahead, Kill, you’re better at explaining things. . . .” Thugsy countered.

“**MeowWW!** You hopeless strays!” Tersilla cried. “Must I repeat myself again? This time, **listen** carefully. My dad wants to drag the **giant** statue from Mouse Island all the way across the ocean back to Fort Feline. Even a **kitten** could see that it’s an impossible feat! While my dear dad wastes his time bombing the whole statue, we will use a small blast of **DYNAMITE** to break off its lightest part. . . .”

“The piece of **cheese!**” Thugsy and Killer exclaimed in unison.

“Exactly! That piece alone is worth at least ten **GOLDEN** speedboats and will be transportable even with a tiny



motorboat!” Tersilla finished.

Killer clapped his paws happily. “I get it! Now we just have to **SWIM** back to Cat Island, get a motorboat, drive it back to New Mouse City, and —” he babbled.

Tersilla cut him off with a **piercing** glare.

“Don’t be a fool, Killer!” she **MEOWED**. “First, we’re not going to swim back to Cat Island. We’re cats! We hate **water**! We’ll steal a motorboat at New Mouse City. Then Killer will climb up the statue to the piece of cheese and position the dynamite so that the cheese falls into the motorboat.”

“Why do I have to go and not Thugsy?” Killer protested.



“Oh, don’t be such a **kitten**,”





Thugsy shot back.

“I’m not a kitten, you’re a kitten!” Killer whined.

“No, you are!”

“No, you are!”

“Quit the **whining** before I throw you two overboard!” Tersilla hissed, pulling the two cats apart. If she could just get these





two furbrains to cooperate, she could steal the **GOLDEN** cheese, and she'd be rich, rich, rich!





# THUMP THUMP THUMP

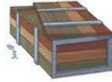
After Tersilla and her two helpers left, Kitty **POPPED** up from the barrel she was hiding in. “Whew! That was a close call,” she told Scout.

“You’re telling me,” said Scout. “It’s a good thing Tersilla wasn’t looking for a **SNACK**. You know how she loves these cod cakes.”

“Only the highest-quality fish!” Kitty giggled. But before the two could **CLIMB** out of their hiding spots, they heard heavy pawsteps at the top of the **STAIRS**. As they listened, the pawsteps came closer and closer. . . .

THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP





It was **BONZO**, carrying some platters filled with **smelly** leftover fish.



“What is this place, Cat Central Terminal?” Scout grumbled as the twins hid again.

Bonzo arrived, **mumbling** to himself. “Meow! The boss sure can pack it in! I never saw a cat eat so much in all my nine lives! Now let’s see what I can do with these leftovers. . . .”

Kitty and Scout held their breath as Bonzo **stumbled** around the storeroom looking for an empty container. At last, he found one.

“This will do,” he said. “I can carry it up later when the boss wants his snack.”

And so, without knowing it, he **DUMPED**



the leftovers right near Scout and Kitty's **HIDING SPOT**.

"This is purrfect, Scout!" said Kitty.  
"That container is **BIG** enough that we  
can both hide in it, under all those **FISH**  
**BONES**. And you heard what Bonzo  
said — he's coming back later to bring it up





as a **snack** for Dad. He can carry us up to the deck without knowing! No one will see us.”

“Good idea!” agreed Scout.

“Then we can **cut** the ropes that the cats are planning to use to tie the statue,” Kitty continued.

Scout nodded. “There’s only one **problem**.”

“What’s that?” asked Kitty.

“The **problem** is I don’t know if I’m going to be able to survive more of this **stench**!”





# LAAAAND HOOOO!

At dawn on the tenth day of the trip, the lookout cat yelled an announcement that woke everyone up: “**LAAAAND HOOOO!** Mouse Island port side\*!”

Catardone stood on deck as *The Black Hurricane* entered the deserted port of New Mouse City.

**Oscar Wildwhiskers** was there, too. His royal cousin had insisted he write an **article** about their adventure to publish in the paper when the **CATS** returned to Fort Feline.

“I hope you’re getting all of this down, Cuz,” the king ordered. “I want a full-page spread in *The Cat Island Courier*. The headline could read something like ‘**Clever**

\* *Port side* means the left side of the boat toward the bow, the front of the boat.





King Makes Off with Mouse Gold!’ Or just ‘King Catardone III: Our Courageous Hero!’ Or maybe . . .” he trailed off, deep in thought.

Oscar rolled his eyes. Ever since his cousin had been named king, he had fallen in *love* . . . with himself!

While the king continued rambling on and on, Kitty and Scout watched *nervously* from inside the container of *stinky* fish bones that Bonzo had brought up on deck. They had cut the ropes so that the statue couldn’t be *towed* under the ocean. Now they scanned the port for any sign of *Geronimo Stilton*. Where was he? There wasn’t a rodent in sight! Had the pigeon delivered the kittens’ message?

“Tie up the statue! Prepare the cannons! Let’s take this *GOLD MINE* down and bring it home!” shouted Catardone.





## WHO CUT THE ROPES?

Bonzo interrupted the king. “Wait, **Your Felineness!** The ropes to tie up the statue have been **CUT** and can’t be used!” he exclaimed.

“What?! **Cut?** Who would do such a thing?” meowed the king.

“I don’t know, Your Felineness!” responded Bonzo.

“Of course you don’t know! Why do I let you handle anything?! Where’s Boots? Maybe he knows something for





a change. **BOOTS!** Boots!  
Where are youuuuu?!"  
he **SHRIEKED**  
impatiently.

"Here I am, **YOUR**  
**CATSHIP**, at your  
service!" responded  
Boots, rushing up to his  
boss.

Where are youuuuu?!"  
Booooots!



Catardone explained the rope situation  
to him, **WAVING** his paws about  
wildly. "Find me the traitor immediately!  
And find a way for us to take the statue!"  
he insisted.

Boots smiled. "**PROBLEM SOLVED**,  
Your Furryness! I thought some joker might  
try to stop us, so I brought extra rope," he  
said proudly.

"Did you just say you **thought**?"

How dare you! I'm the only one who gets to **THINK** around here!" the king fumed.

Boots nodded and quickly wiped the smile off his face.

Catardone continued. "Of course I knew we brought extra rope! You don't have to tell me. I'm the one who thought of it. **Ha, ha, ha!**"

Then, turning to Oscar, he said, "Make







sure you're getting all this down, Cuz. I want this in my **BIOGRAPHY** someday. Everyone must know that I am a king who thinks ahead! I am **SMART**! I am courageous! I am . . ."

**Twenty** minutes later, Catardone was still **babbling** on and on about why he was such a brilliant king.

The twins listened to their dad with heavy hearts. "Now what are we going to do?" Kitty whined.

"This **stinks** like rotten fish!"

They had only one other idea: **begging**. The two kittens leaped out of their hiding spot.

"Daddy, listen!" they **meowed**. "You can't **DRAG** the statue all the way back to Cat Island. You'll kill so many plants and animals in the sea!"



**"Aha!"** I should have known you two had something to do with this!" Catardone said. "Don't be such **party poopers!** Now, step aside. Daddy has to give some important orders."

Then he yelled, "All paws on deck!"



# PUFF!

The first light of **DAWN** was coming over the horizon, and New Mouse City was beginning to wake up. The pirate cats began to execute their plan to **STEAL** the statue.

Grappling hooks with rope attached were shot toward the statue. When it was finally **WRAPPED** in rope, Catardone ordered the cats to point the cannons at its pedestal. “Are you ready to knock it over? **FIRE!**” the king ordered.

A sailor lit the fuses, and everyone clapped their paws to their ears. But instead of the terrible **boom** they were expecting, the cannons made only a tiny **PUFF** sound.

“What is the meaning of this?!” Catardone roared.



PUFF!



“Your Felineness, someone is out to stop us. All of the cannonballs have **DISAPPEARED!**” declared the sailor.

**STEAM** shot out of Catardone’s ears. His tail stood at attention.

“What happened to them?” he snarled.

“Someone must have thrown them in the **Sea**,” the sailor replied.

“But who?!” meowed Catardone.





Just then, the king turned to see Scout and Kitty trying to **SNEAK** away unnoticed.

“You two!” he **MEOWED**. “If I find out you two are behind the disappearing cannonballs, you’ll get no more **Kitty Krispy** treats for the rest of the year!”

Oscar, who had helped the twins throw the ammunition into the sea, tried to help. “Don’t be too hard on them. After all, they **meant well**,” he reasoned.

“Meant well?!” roared Catardone. “Well, if they meant to drive their old dad purrfectly **MAD**, then they succeeded!”



## Row!

Meanwhile, during the general confusion of **flying** grappling hooks and cannons that didn't fire, no one noticed that **TERSILLA**, **THUGSY**, and **KILLER** were missing.

Where did they go?

Taking advantage of all of the **chaos** on deck, they had lowered themselves down to the water aboard a life raft and started rowing away from the ship.

"Keep **ROWING**, cats! We need to move it if we want to beat my father to that statue!" Tersilla shouted as they headed toward the port of New Mouse City.

Thugsy and Killer rowed with all their **MIGHT**. As they neared the shore, they spotted a motorboat they could steal. When





Row!



they reached it, they were ready to grab the **GOLDEN CHEESE** and race back to Cat Island.

“We’re going to be **RICH, RICH, RICH!**” Tersilla predicted.

But she was wrong.



# FLEA THEM!

As soon as Tersilla and her accomplices reached the docks of New Mouse City, a **surprise** was waiting for them. Within seconds they were attacked by an army of **FLEAS!**





FLEA



THEM!

My nephew **Benjamin** had figured out that the best way to keep the cats away was to hit them with their biggest **fear**: fleas!



Didn't I tell you he was smart?

Anyway, as the cats approached, the queen of the flea army called out, "**FLEA THEM!**"





Tersilla, Thugsy, and Killer **froze** in their tracks. Clouds of hungry fleas filled the air.

“**MEOWWWWW!**” the cats cried.

Thugsy and Killer grabbed the oars and began to row away as fast as their **paws** could move.

“Sour **salmon** sticks! They’re right behind us!” Tersilla wailed.

From the deck of *The Black Hurricane*, Scout watched in shock as the life raft **SPED** back to the ship.

“What’s going on?!” he shouted to Tersilla.

But it was so **NOISY** on the ship, he couldn’t hear her answer.



## GET DOWN RIGHT Now!

Catardone was yowling at the top of his lungs. “I want every whisker on deck! This is a **CATASTROPHIC** emergency! We need to knock down that monument, and we don’t have one single **cannonball** to do it! I want everyone to think of a plan . . . now!” he ordered.

While the crew **frantically** tried to come up with an idea, Kitty **YANKED** on Catardone’s sleeve. “Um, Dad,” she said, “you might want to know that Tersilla took off with the life raft and . . .”

But the king wasn’t listening.

“Is everyone thinking?” he roared. “I want to hear the wheels **TURNING**”





in your little brains!”

Then he turned to the scientists from the **CATLAB**.

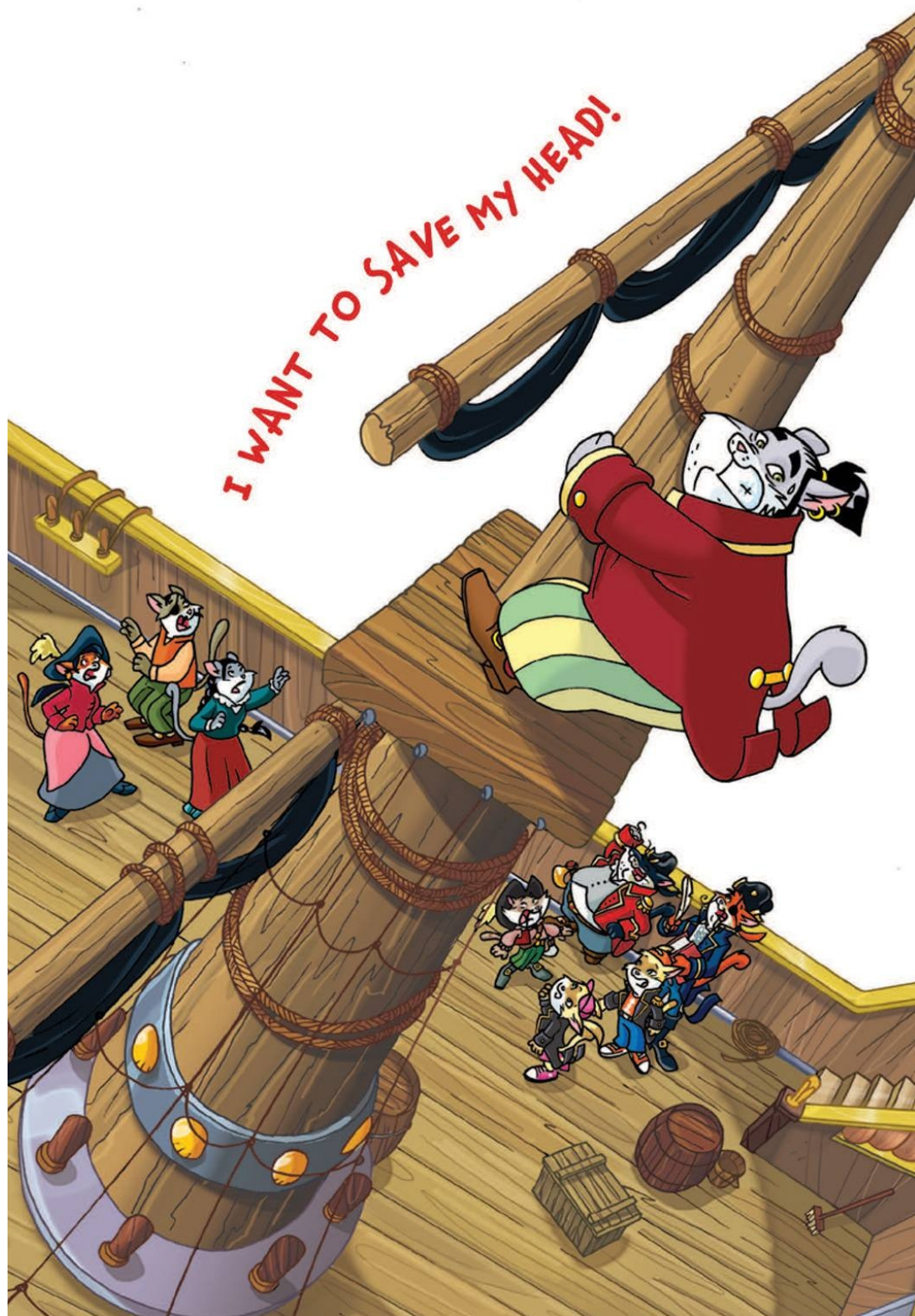
“Come on! Where are all your brilliant ideas now?” the king demanded.

Just then, Bonzo coughed. Catardone **GLARED** at him, then turned back to the scientists.

“Well, I’m waiting for those ideas!” he meowed impatiently. “And if I don’t get a good one, I’ve decided I’m going to knock down the statue with Bonzo’s **HEAD**! It’s probably the same size as a cannonball.”

Bonzo gulped. Then he **CLIMBED** up the mast.

“Come down!” yelled the king. “I need your head!”



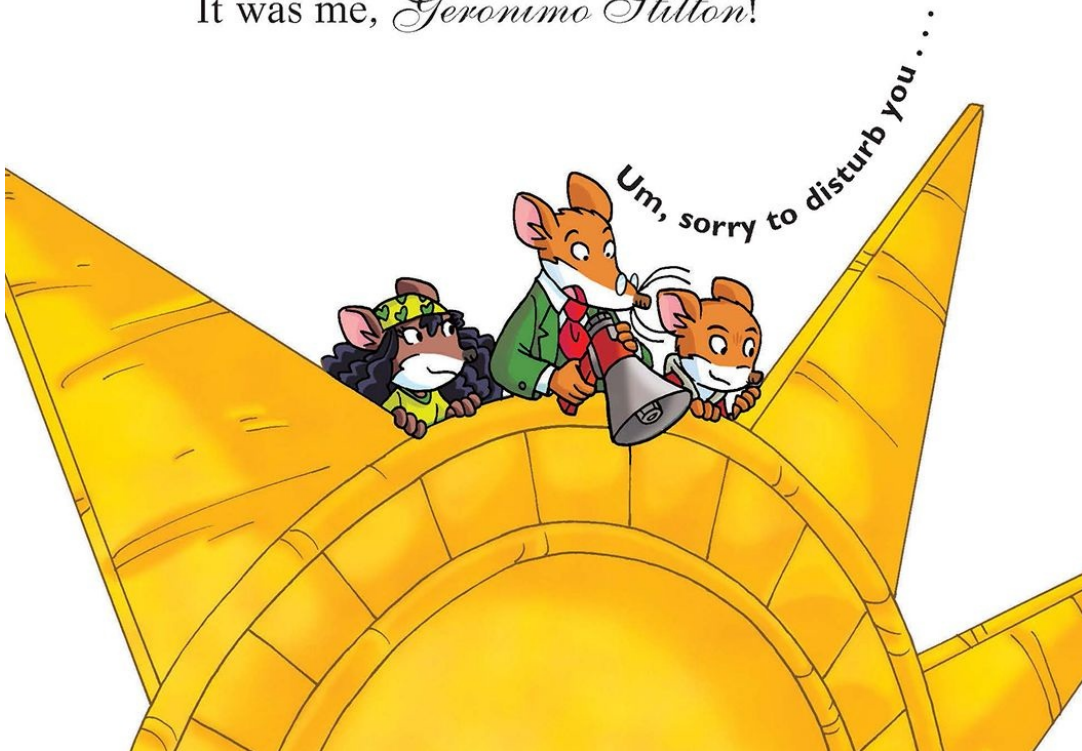


# SORRY TO DISTURB YOU . . .

Right at that moment, a **SMALL** voice called out from the top of **Mousey Liberty**.  
“Um, sorry to disturb you . . .”

It was coming from a small balcony behind the crown on the statue.

It was me, *Geronimo Stilton!*







After reading the note from the twins, Benjamin and Bugsy were up there with me, **enjoying** the view. We had finalized our plan of defense. Then we'd **scurried** over to the statue to get things started.

"Hey! It's Mr. Stilton!" Kitty cheered **happily** when she saw me. She and Scout secretly slapped paws in celebration.

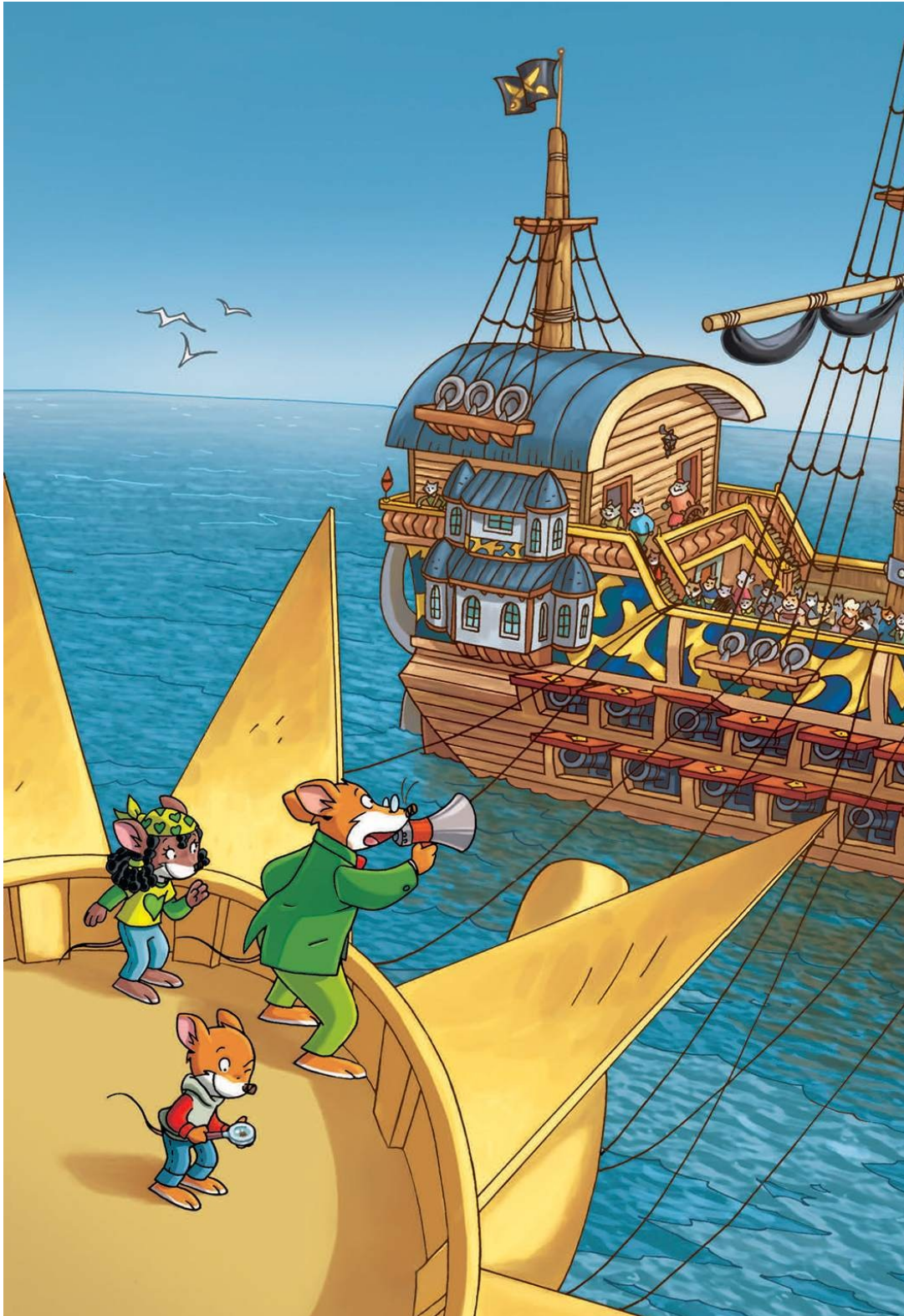
Catardone was less thrilled. "It's that rat!" He **SCOWLED**. "What are you doing here? Who told you we were coming? Tell me who the traitor is! Wait till I get my paws on him!"

But I shook my head. There was no way I was going to rat out the twins.

"Sorry, but a true **gentlemouse** never reveals his sources," I answered, waving my paw. Then I grinned. "But since I heard that you were visiting our city, I wanted to give









you a *warm welcome* after such a long trip. So I took the liberty of asking some of your old friends to join me. . . .”

The king scratched his head. “Did he say *friends*?” he asked Boots. “Friends of ours in a city of mice? Who do you think he’s *squeaking* about?”

Before the two pirates could figure it out, the entire army of *FLEAS* began heading toward *The Black Hurricane*. They zipped along the ropes that the cats had rigged up to pull down the monument.

In a flash, the cats realized they were in *danger*, and began racing around the ship’s deck and yowling.

*"Aaaaahhh!  
Fleeeaaas!"*



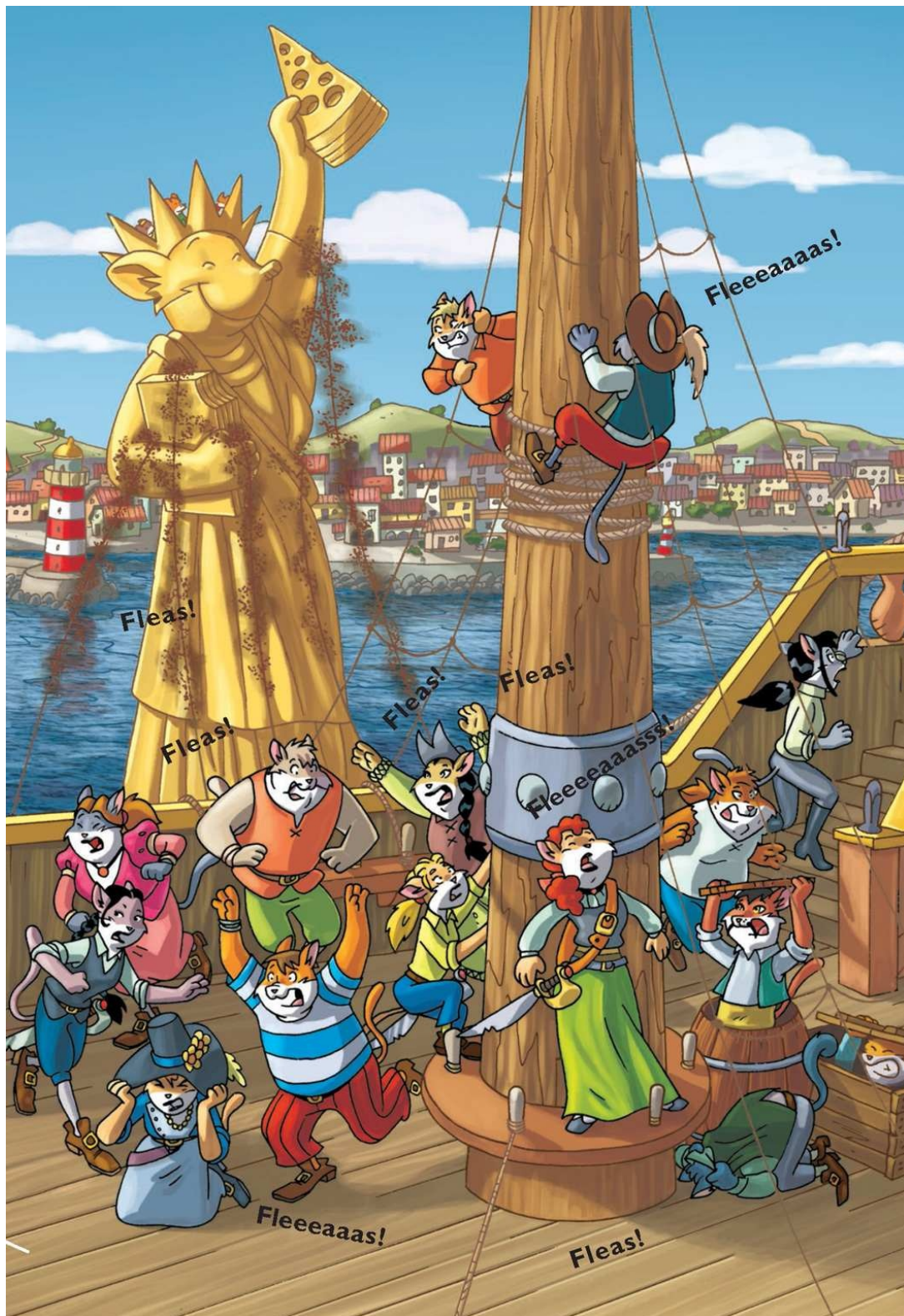
The only one who didn't **PANIC** was Oscar Wildwhiskers. He calmly took charge.

In a commanding voice, he yelled to the sailors,

"Cut the ropes, **quick**! Raise the anchor! Grab the oars!

*Let's save our furi*







# WE'RE DOOMED!

Too bad none of the sailors were listening to Oscar. Instead, they continued running around and around in circles, meowing at the top of their lungs.

“Help!”

“Here they come!”

“We’re doomed!”

Just when it looked like the cats would be **scratching** for the rest of their lives, Scout had an idea.

“Hey, Kitty!” he exclaimed. “Remember the **INVENTION** that Dr. Redfur was talking about back on Cat Island? It was an **anti-flea portable shower system!**”

Kitty clapped her paws. “That’s a great

WE'RE



DOOMED!

idea, Scout! Let's find **Dr. Redfur!**" she cried.

The twins took off in search of Dr. Redfur. They found the scientist hiding belowdecks.

**"Dr. Redfur!** We've got to use your **anti-flea portable shower system.** It will help us chase the fleas away!" Kitty said.

"But I don't know if it works," responded Dr. Redfur worriedly.

"We don't have a choice! **Come with us!**" Scout said.

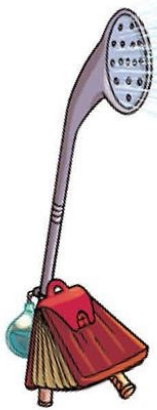






As soon as they were all on deck, the king **STRODE** over with his paws on his hips.

“Listen up, Redfur. You better make this flea shower **thingamabob** work, or you’ll be taking a permanent shower . . . in the sea!” he threatened.



The scientist gulped. She turned the shower on, and . . . **WHOOOOSH!**

The disinfectant **rained** down all over the deck of the boat and made all the fleas cough and gag.

“Yuck! What a terrible **stench!**

It’s unbearable! Retreat!” yelled the queen of the fleas.

Quick as a pair of alley cats, the twins cut the ropes that linked the ship to our **Mousey Liberty**.

Then Oscar commanded the sailors to start rowing, and *The Black Hurricane* began to





slowly turn. The ship churned out of the port of New Mouse City, and then headed back toward Cat Island.

As the cats were leaving, Catardone began to sob loudly. “**WAAAAAH!** I almost had that **GOLDEN** statue in my hot, furry paws! What a waste! What a tragedy!”

I observed the scene from the top of the statue. I must say, it was pretty sad to see. The cats’ tongues were hanging out as they rowed the **big** ship through the ocean. And the king was so **upset**, he looked like he’d need weeks to recover.

I felt so bad for the poor misguided cats, I picked up my **megaphone** and yelled, “It’s not all that bad, King. Our statue isn’t even made of **GOLD**. It’s just **YELLOW** . . . like cheese, our favorite food!”



## HOORAY FOR GERONIMO STILTON!

The next day, the citizens of New Mouse City organized a big **PARTY** in my honor to celebrate our triumph over the pirate cats.

**“Hooray** for Geronimo Stilton! **Hooray** for Mousey Liberty!” they cheered.

Then Benjamin pulled me aside.

“I was wondering, Uncle. Do you think Kitty and Scout will get in **trouble** with their dad if he finds out they were the ones who sent you that **WARNING**?” he asked.

“Don’t worry, Benjamin,” I said. “I think everything will be okay. Tomorrow, I’ll write to Samantha Wildwhiskers, their cousin, to find out what happened.”

I was pretty sure that once the cats made



it back home, they would be so relieved to have escaped the **FLEAS** that they wouldn't think about Mouse Island for a **LONG** while.







# EVERYBODY PEDAL!

As *The Black Hurricane* neared the port of Fort Feline, the cats let out **sighs** of relief. They were glad to be home and to be totally **FLEA-FREE!**





Of course, there was one cat who was still **complaining** about the trip to Mouse Island, and that was King Catardone III.

Just to make himself feel better, he insisted that he'd known the **INSTANT** he spotted Mousey Liberty that it was not made of gold.

**"I just knew it!"** the king ranted.

No one believed this was true, but they didn't dare to contradict the king.

"We looked like **FOOLS** in front of those rats!" Catardone continued. "You want the electricity turned back **ON**? Forget it! Start **PEDALING** bicycle-powered generators. That's where you'll get electricity!"

Then Catardone tracked down Tersilla and her friends and demanded she explain why she ran off.

"Daddy, I didn't run off—I saw the **FLERS** and was trying to help. . . ." she insisted.



The king **rolled** his eyes. “Nice try, but I’m not buying it!” he meowed. “As punishment, you will be in charge of **cleaning** up after the carrier pigeons!”







# AMEOWZING, MY PAW!

When the ship pulled into the dock, Catardone was ready to head home. He needed a **LONG** catnap. Instead, he got **Hit** over the head with an umbrella!

“Son, I need electricity this instant! It’s been weeks since Tabitha has been able to





use the fur dryer on me!” an elderly cat  
**screeched**.

It was the king’s mother, and she was  
**FURIOUS**. Her fur looked like a bird’s nest.

“But . . . your fur looks ameowzing. . . .”  
the king tried.

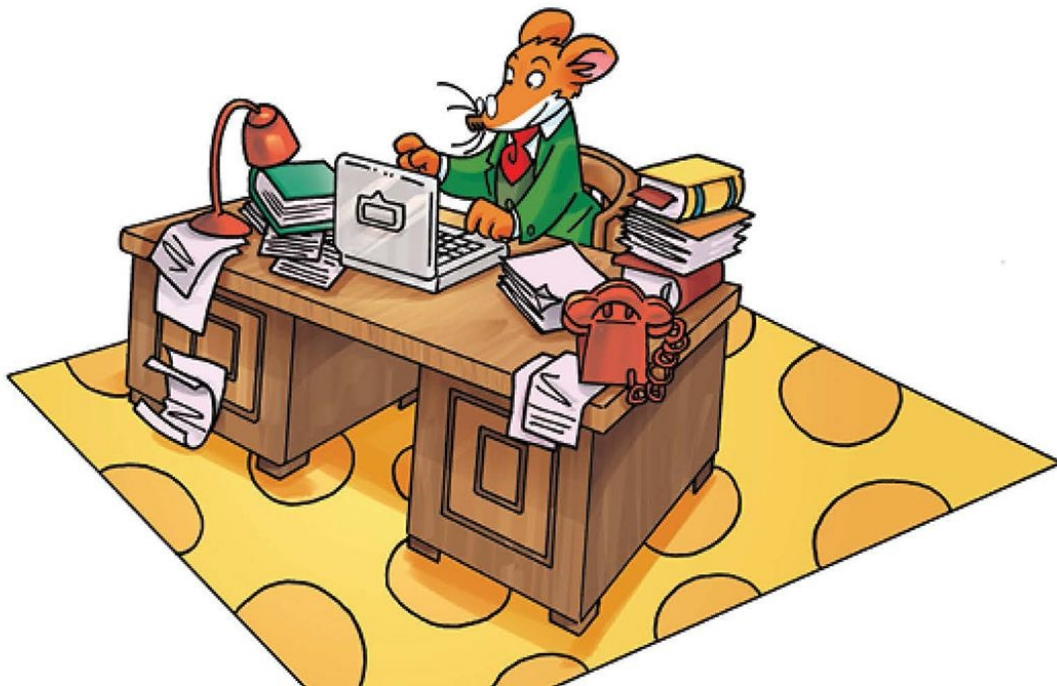
“**AMEOWZING**, my paw!” Catardone’s  
mother raged. She pulled her son by the  
tail over to her bicycle-powered generator

and forced him to  
**PEDAL** late into the  
night.



## A SPECIAL DEDICATION

As for me, well, as soon as the party ended, I ran back to *The Rodent's Gazette*. Then I closed myself in my office to finish my new book. I called it ***Shocking Ideas to Save Electricity!*** And you want to know something? It was a big success!





# Practical Advice to Save ENERGY

**SOMETIMES, SAVING ENERGY IS JUST A MATTER OF A FEW SMALL TRICKS. HERE'S SOME ADVICE!**

- ➡ Take advantage of daylight as best you can.
- ➡ Always turn off lights you aren't using.
- ➡ Use energy-efficient lightbulbs.
- ➡ Dust your lamps periodically; a clean lamp gives off more light.
- ➡ Rediscover activities that don't use electricity, such as board games and outdoor games.
- ➡ Don't leave electronic devices (computers, televisions, DVD players, speakers, etc.) in standby mode. Turn them off.
- ➡ Keep doors and windows closed when heat or air-conditioning is on in your house.
- ➡ If it's cold outside, wear a sweatshirt or sweater indoors so you don't have to turn up the heat.
- ➡ If it's hot out, instead of turning on the air conditioner, draw the shades or close the blinds to help keep your house cooler.



My book was selling out like cheesecake ice cream on a **sizzling** summer day. And do you know why?

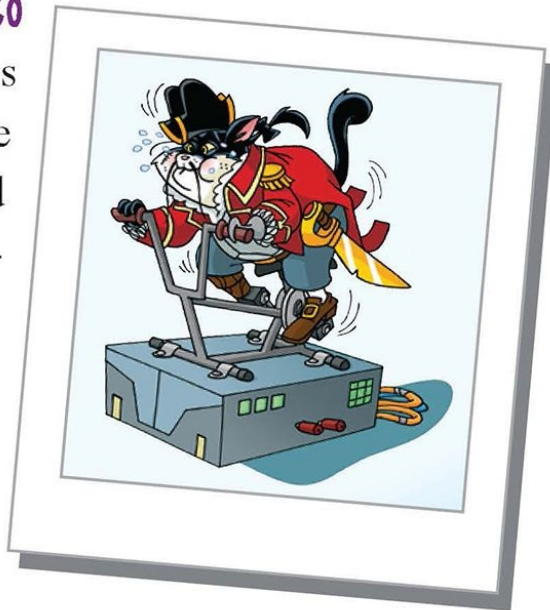
For three simple reasons:

(1) Because the **blackout** had had an effect on everyone in New Mouse City.

(2) Because it was full of **GOOD** advice on how to save electricity.

(3) Because inside the book there was an **embarrassing photo** of the illustrious king of the pirate cats being forced to pedal a bicycle-powered generator!

Do you know who sent me the **photo**? It was Scout and





Kitty. The very same **CARRIER PIGEON** that they had used before came flitting once again through my office window. It dropped the message on my desk and once again . . . left a special little **surprise** on my head!

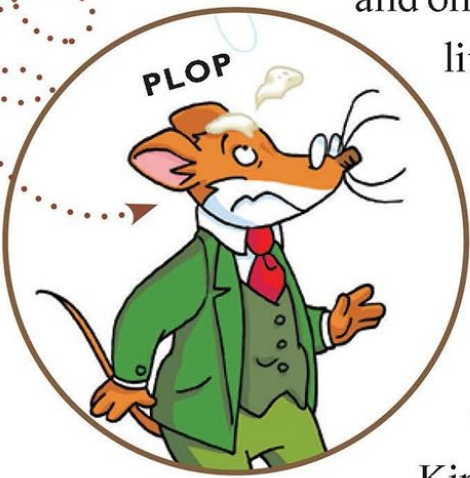
**UGH!**

Before I looked at the message, I was ready to scream. But when I saw the photo of

King Catardone, I laughed

so hard I started **choking**. My secretary, Mousella, rushed in to see if I was okay. I showed her the picture, and she started laughing, too.

To thank the **CARRIER PIGEON**, I



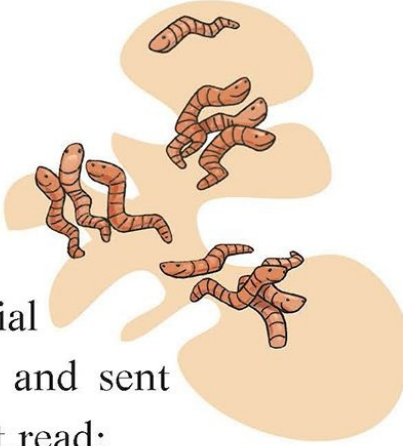


sent him back with some organic **birdseed** and some **gourmet** dried worms.

And to thank my feline friends, I included a special **dedication** in my book and sent them a photo of our staff. It read:

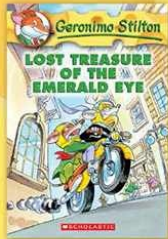
*For Samantha, Scout, and Kitty —  
Thanks for saving our precious Mousey  
Liberty!*

*Geronimo Stilton*

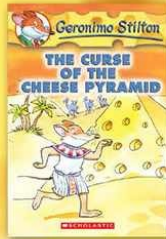




**Be sure to read all my  
fabumouse adventures!**



#1 Lost Treasure of the Emerald Eye



#2 The Curse of the Cheese Pyramid



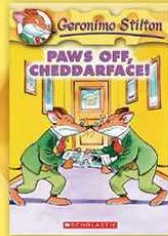
#3 Cat and Mouse in a Haunted House



#4 I'm Too Fond of My Fur!



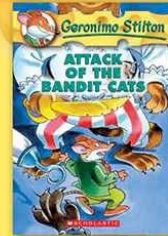
#5 Four Mice Deep in the Jungle



#6 Paws Off, Cheddarface!



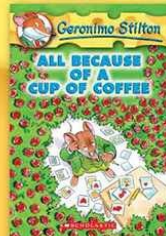
#7 Red Pizzas for a Blue Count



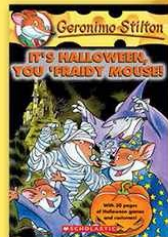
#8 Attack of the Bandit Cats



#9 A Fabumouse Vacation for Geronimo



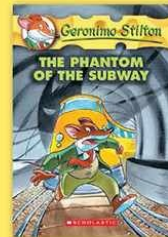
#10 All Because of a Cup of Coffee



#11 It's Halloween, You 'Fraidy Mouse!



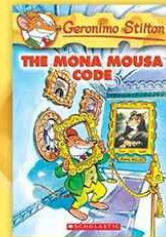
#12 Merry Christmas, Geronimo!



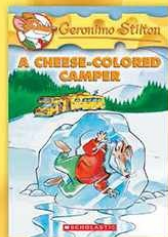
#13 The Phantom of the Subway



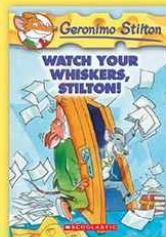
#14 The Temple of the Ruby of Fire



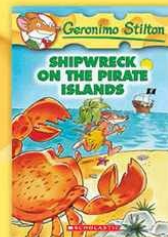
#15 The Mona Mousa Code



#16 A Cheese-Colored Camper



#17 Watch Your Whiskers, Stilton!



#18 Shipwreck on the Pirate Islands

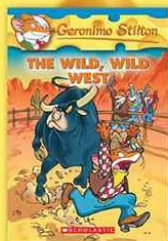


#19 My Name Is Stilton, Geronimo Stilton

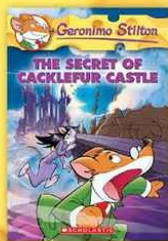


#20 Surf's Up, Geronimo!

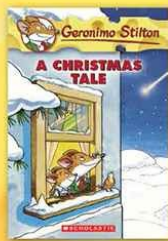




#21 The Wild, Wild West



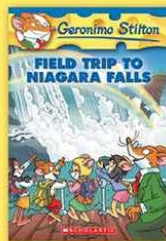
#22 The Secret of Cacklefur Castle



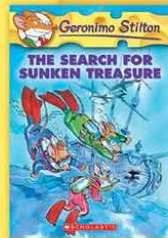
A Christmas Tale



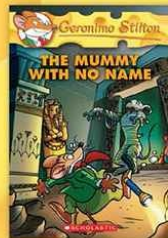
#23 Valentine's Day Disaster



#24 Field Trip to Niagara Falls



#25 The Search for Sunken Treasure



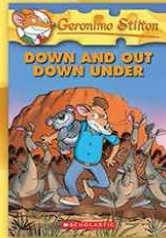
#26 The Mummy with No Name



#27 The Christmas Toy Factory



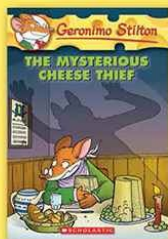
#28 Wedding Crasher



#29 Down and Out Down Under



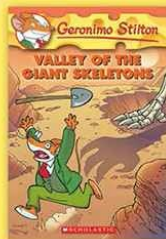
#30 The Mouse Island Marathon



#31 The Mysterious Cheese Thief



Christmas Catastrophe



#32 Valley of the Giant Skeletons



#33 Geronimo and the Gold Medal Mystery



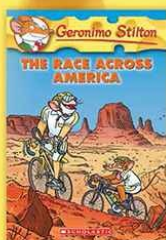
#34 Geronimo Stilton, Secret Agent



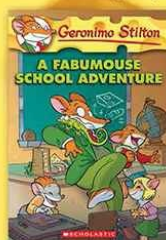
#35 A Very Merry Christmas



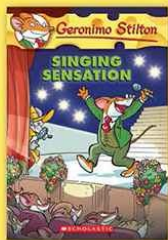
#36 Geronimo's Valentine



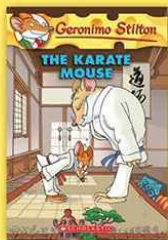
#37 The Race Across America



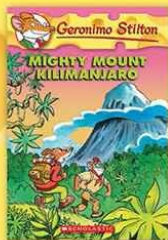
#38 A Fabumouse School Adventure



#39 Singing Sensation



#40 The Karate Mouse



#41 Mighty Mount Kilimanjaro

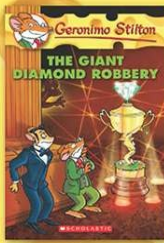


#42 The Peculiar Pumpkin Thief

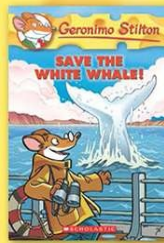


#43 I'm Not a Supermouse!





#44 The Giant Diamond Robbery



#45 Save the White Whale!



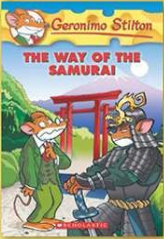
#46 The Haunted Castle



#47 Run for the Hills, Geronimo!



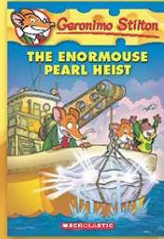
#48 The Mystery in Venice



#49 The Way of the Samurai



#50 This Hotel Is Haunted



#51 The Enormouse Pearl Heist



#52 Mouse in Space!



#53 Rumble in the Jungle



#54 Get into Gear, Stilton!



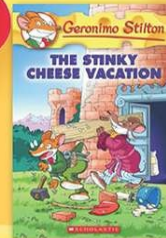
#55 The Golden Statue Plot



#56 Flight of the Red Bandit



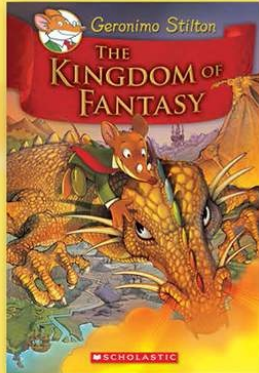
The Hunt for the Golden Book



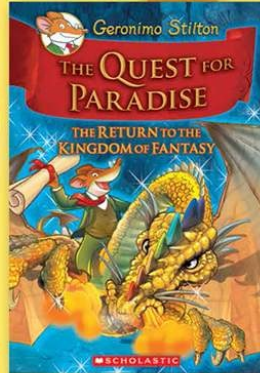
#57 The Stinky Cheese Vacation



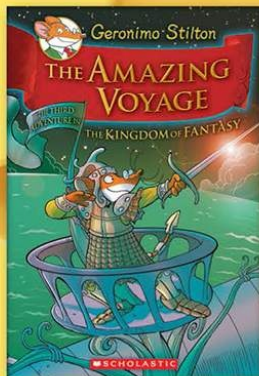
Be sure  
to read all  
my adventures  
in the Kingdom  
of Fantasy!



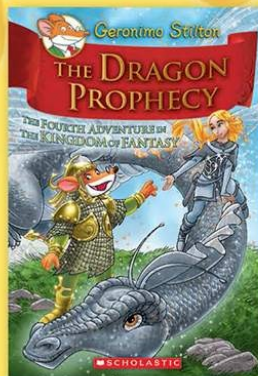
THE KINGDOM  
OF FANTASY



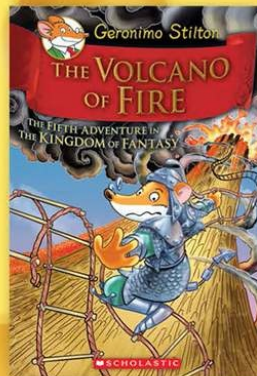
THE QUEST FOR  
PARADISE:  
THE RETURN TO THE  
KINGDOM OF FANTASY



THE AMAZING  
VOYAGE:  
THE THIRD ADVENTURE  
IN THE KINGDOM  
OF FANTASY



THE DRAGON  
PROPHECY:  
THE FOURTH ADVENTURE  
IN THE KINGDOM  
OF FANTASY

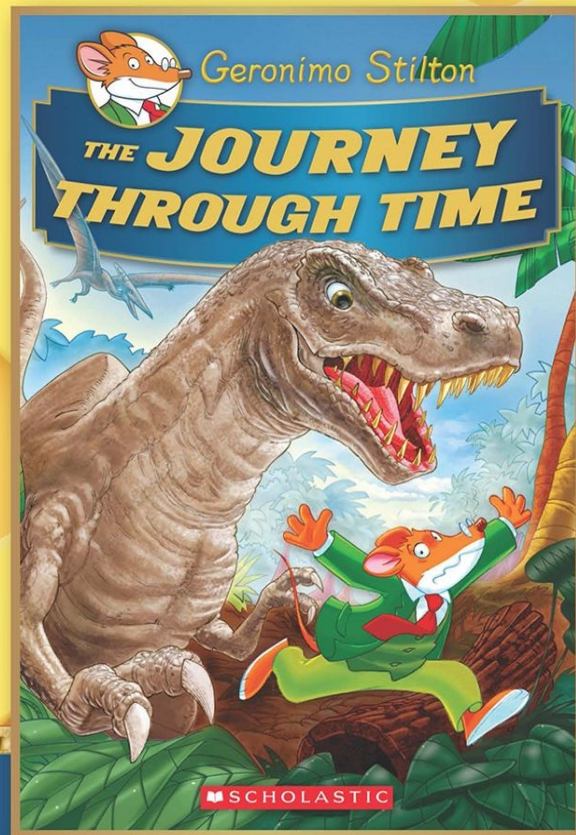


THE VOLCANO  
OF FIRE:  
THE FIFTH ADVENTURE  
IN THE KINGDOM  
OF FANTASY





Join me and my friends on  
a journey through time in  
this very special edition!



THE JOURNEY  
THROUGH TIME





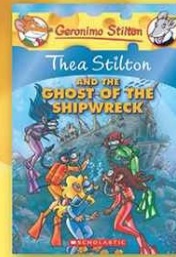
**Don't miss  
these exciting  
Thea Sisters  
adventures!**



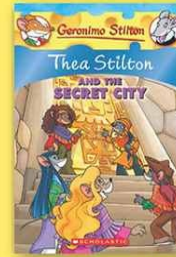
**Thea Stilton and the  
Dragon's Code**



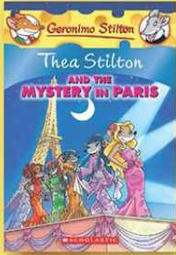
**Thea Stilton and the  
Mountain of Fire**



**Thea Stilton and the  
Ghost of the Shipwreck**



**Thea Stilton and the  
Secret City**



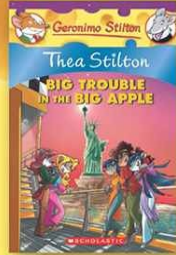
**Thea Stilton and the  
Mystery in Paris**



**Thea Stilton and the  
Cherry Blossom Adventure**



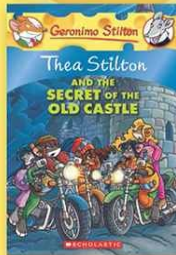
**Thea Stilton and the  
Star Castaways**



**Thea Stilton: Big Trouble  
in the Big Apple**



**Thea Stilton and the  
Ice Treasure**



**Thea Stilton and the  
Secret of the Old Castle**



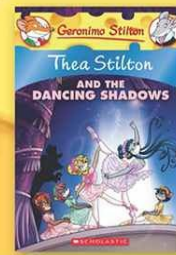
**Thea Stilton and the  
Blue Scarab Hunt**



**Thea Stilton and the  
Prince's Emerald**



**Thea Stilton and the Mystery  
on the Orient Express**



**Thea Stilton and the  
Dancing Shadows**



**Thea Stilton and the  
Legend of the Fire  
Flowers**



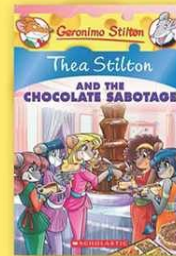
**Thea Stilton and the  
Spanish Dance Mission**



**Thea Stilton and the  
Journey to the Lion's Den**



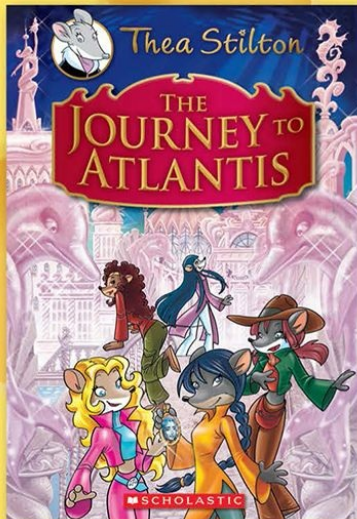
**Thea Stilton and the  
Great Tulip Heist**



**Thea Stilton and the  
Chocolate Sabotage**



Check out  
these very  
special editions  
featuring me  
and the Thea  
Sisters!



THE JOURNEY  
TO ATLANTIS



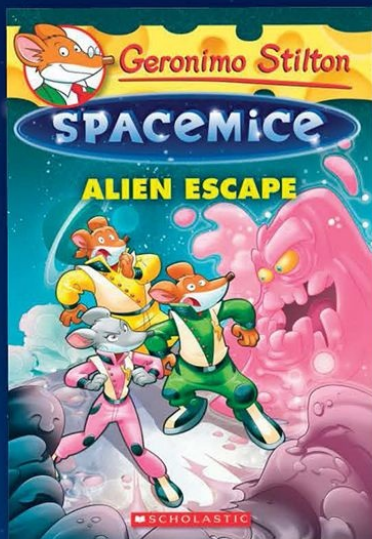
THE SECRET OF  
THE FAIRIES



# MeET GERONIMO STILTONiX



He is a spacemouse — the Geronimo Stilton of a parallel universe! He is captain of the spaceship MouseStar 1. While flying through the cosmos, he visits distant planets and meets crazy aliens. His adventures are out of this world!



#1 Alien Escape



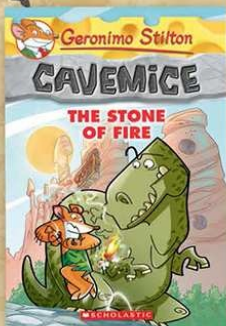
#2 You're Mine, Captain!



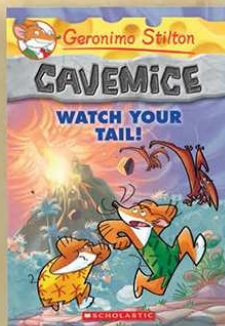


## Meet **GERONIMO STILTONOOT**

He is a cavemouse — Geronimo Stilton's ancient ancestor! He runs the stone newspaper in the prehistoric village of Old Mouse City. From dealing with dinosaurs to dodging meteorites, his life in the Stone Age is full of adventure!



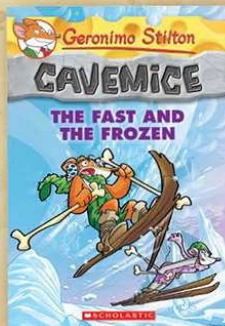
#1 The Stone of Fire



#2 Watch Your Tail!



#3 Help, I'm in Hot Lava!



#4 The Fast and the Frozen



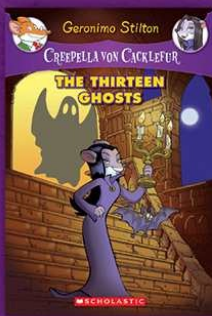
#5 The Great Mouse Race



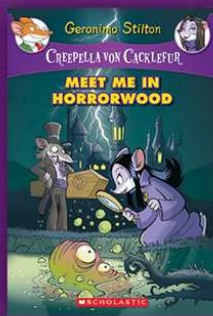


# Meet CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR

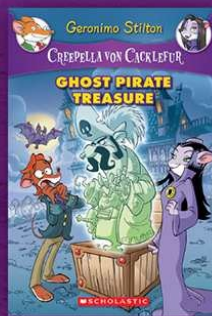
I, *Geronimo Stilton*, have a lot of mouse friends, but none as **spooky** as my friend **CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR**! She is an enchanting and **MYSTERIOUS** mouse with a pet bat named **Bitewing**. **YIKES!** I'm a real 'fraidy mouse, but even I think **CREEPELLA** and her family are **AWFULLY** fascinating. I can't wait for you to read all about **CREEPELLA** in these **fa-mouse-ly funny** and **spectacularly spooky** tales!



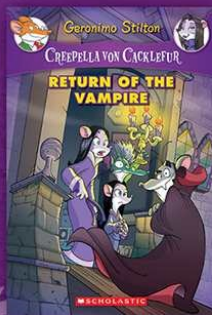
#1 The Thirteen Ghosts



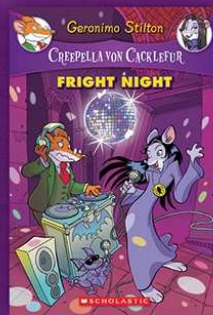
#2 Meet Me in Horrorwood



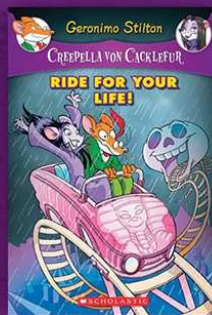
#3 Ghost Pirate Treasure



#4 Return of the Vampire



#5 Fright Night



#6 Ride for Your Life

# ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Born in New Mouse City, Mouse Island, **GERONIMO STILTON** is Rattus Emeritus of Mousomorphic Literature and of Neo-Ratonic Comparative Philosophy. For the past twenty years, he has been running *The Rodent's Gazette*, New Mouse City's most widely read daily newspaper.

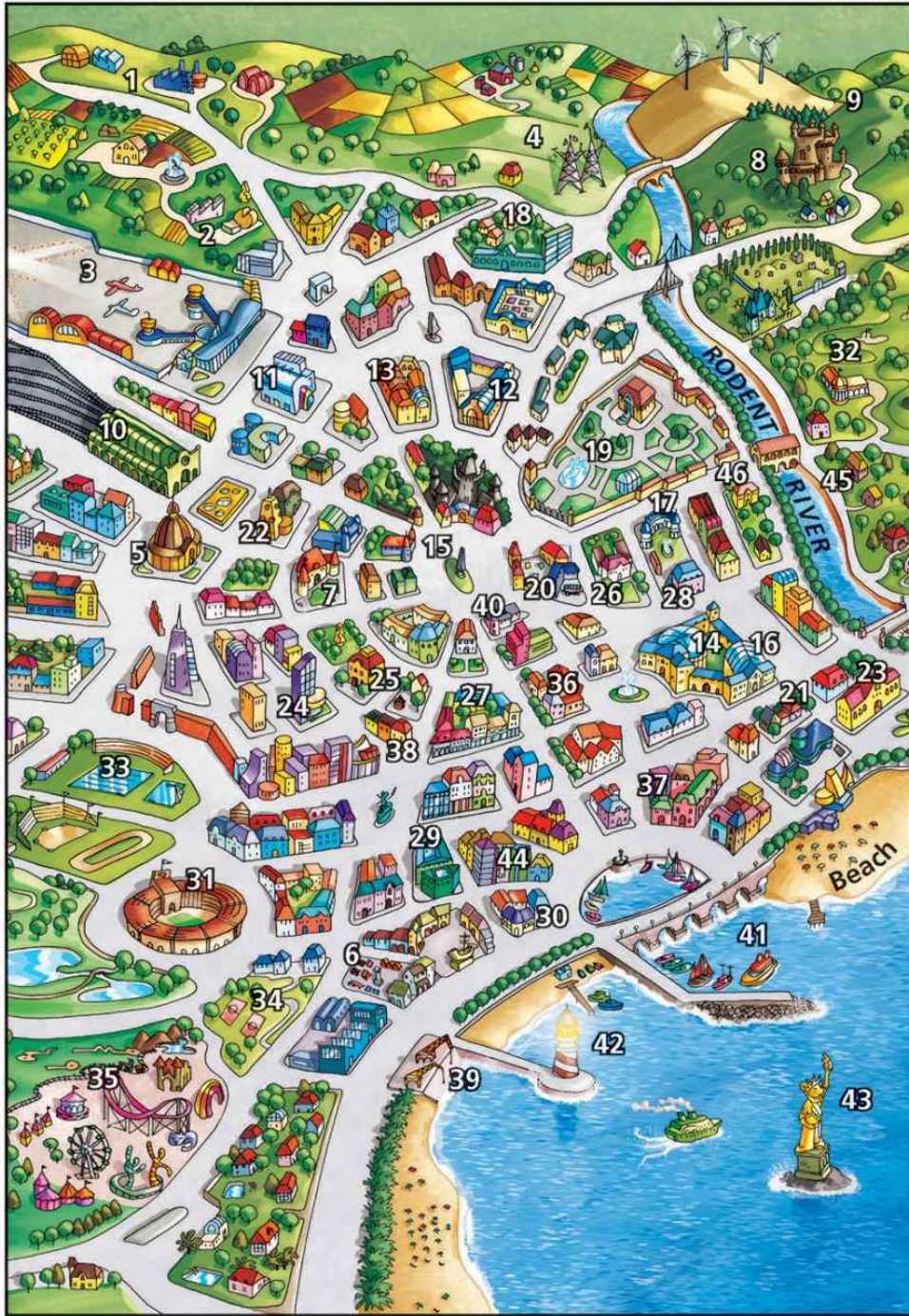
Stilton was awarded the Ratitzer Prize for his scoops on *The Curse of the Cheese Pyramid* and *The Search for Sunken Treasure*. He has also received the Andersen 2000 Prize for Personality of the Year. One of his bestsellers won the 2002 eBook Award for world's best ratlings' electronic book. His works have been published all over the globe.

In his spare time, Mr. Stilton collects antique cheese rinds and plays golf. But what he most enjoys is telling stories to his nephew Benjamin.





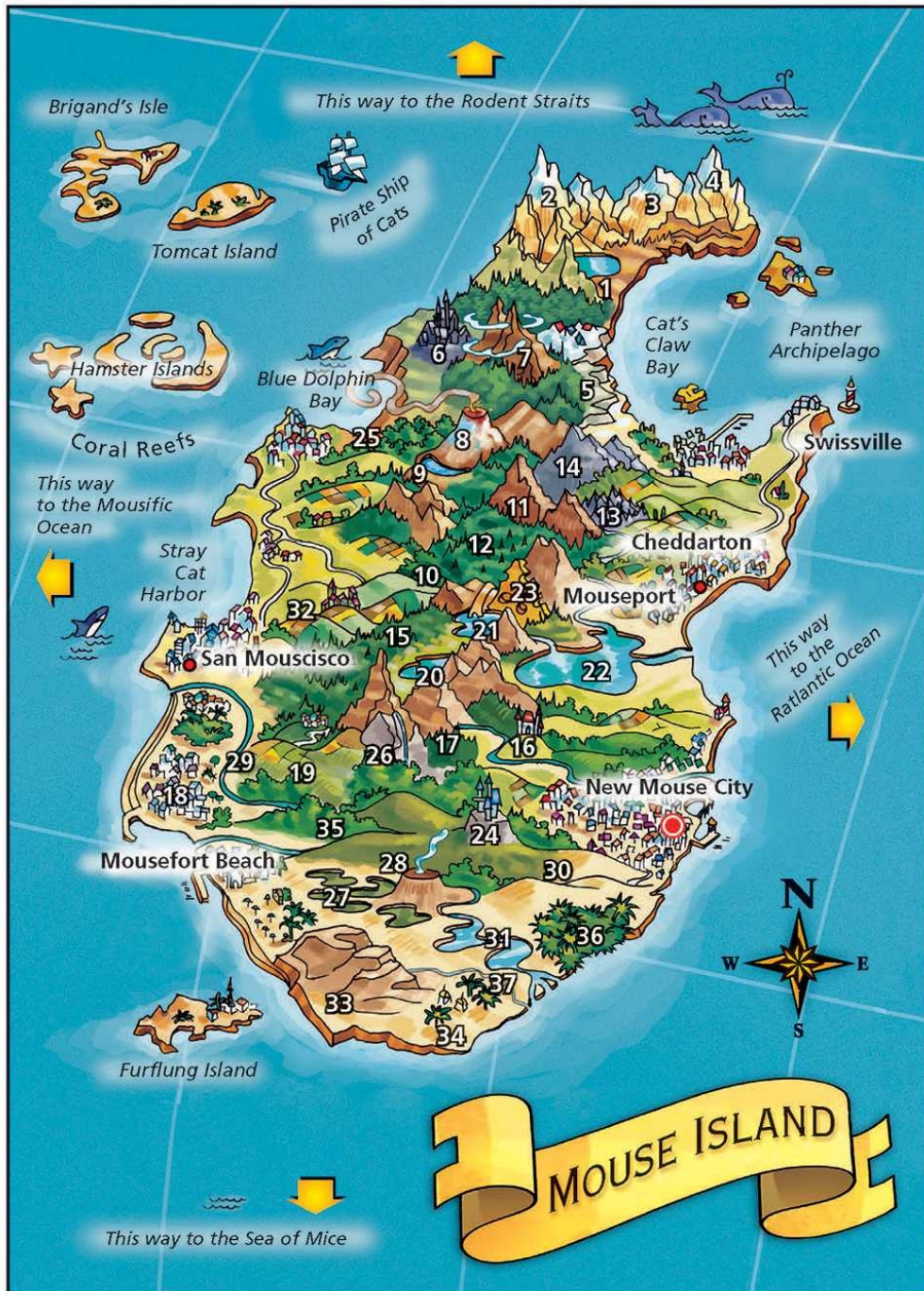




# Map of New Mouse City

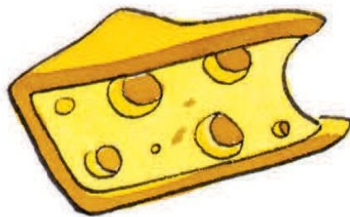
- |  |                                     |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Industrial Zone                     | 24. <i>The Daily Rat</i>            |
| 2. Cheese Factories                    | 25. <i>The Rodent's Gazette</i>     |
| 3. Angorat International Airport       | 26. Trap's House                    |
| 4. WRAT Radio and Television Station   | 27. Fashion District                |
| 5. Cheese Market                       | 28. The Mouse House Restaurant      |
| 6. Fish Market                         | 29. Environmental Protection Center |
| 7. Town Hall                           | 30. Harbor Office                   |
| 8. Snotnose Castle                     | 31. Mousidon Square Garden          |
| 9. The Seven Hills of Mouse Island     | 32. Golf Course                     |
| 10. Mouse Central Station              | 33. Swimming Pool                   |
| 11. Trade Center                       | 34. Tennis Courts                   |
| 12. Movie Theater                      | 35. Curlyfur Island Amusement Park  |
| 13. Gym                                | 36. Geronimo's House                |
| 14. Catnegie Hall                      | 37. Historic District               |
| 15. Singing Stone Plaza                | 38. Public Library                  |
| 16. The Gouda Theater                  | 39. Shipyard                        |
| 17. Grand Hotel                        | 40. Thea's House                    |
| 18. Mouse General Hospital             | 41. New Mouse Harbor                |
| 19. Botanical Gardens                  | 42. Luna Lighthouse                 |
| 20. Cheap Junk for Less (Trap's store) | 43. The Statue of Liberty           |
| 21. Aunt Sweetfur and Benjamin's House | 44. Hercule Poirat's Office         |
| 22. Mouseum of Modern Art              | 45. Petunia Pretty Paws's House     |
| 23. University and Library             | 46. Grandfather William's House     |





# Map of Mouse Island

- |                           |                                    |
|---------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. Big Ice Lake           | 21. Lake Lakelake                  |
| 2. Frozen Fur Peak        | 22. Lake Lakelakelake              |
| 3. Slipperyslopes Glacier | 23. Cheddar Crag                   |
| 4. Coldcreeps Peak        | 24. Cannycat Castle                |
| 5. Ratzikistan            | 25. Valley of the Giant<br>Sequoia |
| 6. Transratania           | 26. Cheddar Springs                |
| 7. Mount Vamp             | 27. Sulfurous Swamp                |
| 8. Roastedrat Volcano     | 28. Old Reliable Geyser            |
| 9. Brimstone Lake         | 29. Vole Vale                      |
| 10. Poopedcat Pass        | 30. Ravingrat Ravine               |
| 11. Stinko Peak           | 31. Gnat Marshes                   |
| 12. Dark Forest           | 32. Munster Highlands              |
| 13. Vain Vampires Valley  | 33. Mousehara Desert               |
| 14. Goose Bumps Gorge     | 34. Oasis of the<br>Sweaty Camel   |
| 15. The Shadow Line Pass  | 35. Cabbagehead Hill               |
| 16. Penny Pincher Castle  | 36. Rattytrap Jungle               |
| 17. Nature Reserve Park   | 37. Rio Mosquito                   |
| 18. Las Ratayas Marinas   |                                    |
| 19. Fossil Forest         |                                    |
| 20. Lake Lake             |                                    |



Dear mouse friends,  
Thanks for reading, and farewell  
till the next book.  
It'll be another whisker-licking-good  
adventure, and that's a promise!



Geronimo Stilton







**GERONIMO STILTON**



**THEA**



**TRAP**



**BENJAMIN**

## ***Who is Geronimo Stilton?***

That's me! I run a newspaper, but my true passion is writing adventure stories. Here in New Mouse City, the capital of Mouse Island, my books are all bestsellers! My stories are funny, fa-mouse-ly funny. They are whisker-licking-good tales, and that's a promise!

## **THE GOLDEN STATUE PLOT**

Rancid rat hairs, the pirate cats are coming to town! They're planning on stealing New Mouse City's Statue of Liberty and taking it back to Cat Island. They think it's completely made of gold! My friends and I are determined to protect our city's precious symbol. But can we stop these fearsome felines?

 **SCHOLASTIC**



More leveling information for this book:  
[www.scholastic.com/readinglevel](http://www.scholastic.com/readinglevel)

[www.scholastic.com/geronimostilton](http://www.scholastic.com/geronimostilton)  
[www.geronimostilton.com](http://www.geronimostilton.com)